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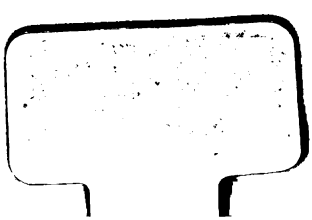

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THE *Court of Love*, A VISION FROM *CHAUCER*.

By Mr. CATCOTT.

OXFORD,

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The COURT of *LOVE*

A

VISION,

From *CHAUCER.*

AS once I lay with Thoughts of Love poſſeſs'd,
Sleep by Degrees ſtole gently to my Breaſt;
When thus my Mind, with amorous Notions fraught,
Purſu'd the Traces of my waking Thought.

In Prime of Years, our Life's firſt gaudy Stage,
E'er Youth had roſe to Manhood's riper Age,
When ſprightly Blood to Love, and Joy inclin'd,
And gay Ideas ever pleas'd the Mind,
While free from Care in Pleaſure's Paths I ſtray'd,
And vigorous Nature's luring Call obey'd,
The pow'rful God (whoſe gentle Flame inſpires
The Soul with Love, and kindles young Deſires)
Beneath whoſe Rule, and more peculiar Care,
Are plac'd the youthful Swain, and blooming Fair,
From Mount *Cythera* (where with equal Pride
Adorn'd, the Throne of *Beauty*'s Queen is ſpy'd,

Beneath whoſe Feet ten thouſand Lovers wait
To grace her Triumphs, and augment her State,)
By winged Heralds, and with Trumpet's Sound
His Vaſſals ſummon'd thro' the World around;
If any dar'd contemn his high Command,
Death, and immediate Vengeance were at Hand.'
Forthwith thro' various Realms I took my Way,
Inquiring where the Court of *Cupid* lay;
Still paſſing on, 'till as I nearer drew,
A numerous Crowd at Diſtance ſtruck my View;
To theſe I made, as Hope inſpir'd, to find
Some certain Knowledge, and inſtruct my Mind.
"Hail Pilgrims! whither haſt Ye thus, I ſaid?
"Fair Sir, ſaid one that anſwer'd like a Maid,
"To *Cupid*'s Palace, call'd by *Love* we hie.
"And where, cry'd I, do's *Cupid*'s Palace lie?
"On fam'd *Cythera*'s Mount he holds his Court,
"In glorious Splendor, and with regal Port.
When, paſſing on, ev'n as ſhe ſaid, I found
The royal Dome with glittering Turrets crown'd;
With equal Blaze againſt the Sun they ſhone,
And Gold, and Jewels hid the coarſer Stone.
The verdant Emerald, and the Saphire blue,
With ſparkling Diamonds turn'd aſide the View;

Bright

Bright as the Stars that gild the Winter-Night
With Heav'nly Luſtre, and unſullied Light.
Ev'n *Phœbus* too, t' attone Offences paſt,
Full on the Dome his Beams all glorious caſt;
Th' obſequious God's repentant Rays proclaim
Fair *Venus'* Glories, as they ſhow'd her Shame,
When once by him to dire Diſgrace betray'd,
Before the Gods her naked Charms were laid.
Full oft his Raſhneſs, and Affront he ru'd,
Implor'd the Goddeſs, and to *Cupid* ſu'd;
For all the Gods from Heav'n's high Court above,
The bright Dominions of Imperial *Jove*,
To thoſe dark Realms, where *Pluto* rules below,
To mighty *Love* confeſs'd Allegiance owe.
As now within the Palace Bounds I drew,
The glorious Fabrick fill'd my raviſh'd View,
The glittering Dome on towring Columns rear'd,
Aloft in Air, like lucid Clouds, appear'd,
When pierc'd around with *Phœbus'* adverſe Rays,
Their fleecy Skirts reflect the golden Blaze.
Wide was the Court, and all the Walls were ſpread
With opening Daiſies, checquer'd white, and red;
Young Men, and blooming Maids, with thick Reſort,
Each Paſſage fill'd, and crowded all the Court,

The

The Maids were all with perfect Beauty crown'd,
The Youths were all for vigorous Strength renown'd.
Amid the Nymphs was fair *Alceſte* ſeen,
In Pow'r, and Place the next to *Beauty*'s Queen.
Some too with Weight of Years, or Sickneſs bow'd,
Crept here and there among the gayer Crowd;
Amaz'd, and wondring with my ſelf, I mus'd
Why theſe were not from *Cupid*'s Laws excus'd.

While thus I ſtood, I chanc'd at length to view
Fair *Philomel* among the Female Crew.
Venus ſhe ſerv'd; and *Venus* well approv'd
The Virgin's Care; for all her Life ſhe lov'd.
With Joy ſhe welcom'd me to *Cupid*'s State,
But ask'd "what Cauſe had brought me there ſo late!

With trembling Voice I anſwer'd, "to repent
"My laviſh'd Time, and former Hours miſpent.
"To own my Crime, Remiſſion to implore,
"And hence to follow none but *Cupid*'s Lore;
"And *Love* forgive Me all my Errors paſt,
"As I intend this firm Reſolve ſhall laſt!

"'Tis well, ſhe ſaid; was this your proper Choice,
"Or came You here compell'd by *Hermes*' Voice?

"From him my Summons I receiv'd, I ſaid,
"He call'd me firſt, and I the Call obey'd.

"This

" This long Neglect will then, ſhe cry'd, be thought
" An Act of Pride, and contumacious Fault.
" For You, by Nature meant to pleaſe the Fair,
" Bred up in Eaſe, and never broke with Care,
" While vigorous Youth maintains it's ſprightly Reign,
" Should come betimes to *Cupid*'s ſacred Fane,
" When firſt you know a Woman from a Man,
" Or *e're Your Foot is grown but half a Span.*
" But You, who long *Love*'s Pow'r have diſobey'd,
" His Laws neglected, and at Random ſtray'd,
" I fear, will find a Puniſhment as great,
" As now Your Crime is grown inveterate.
" For thoſe, who dare the mighty King diſpleaſe,
" *Without a Boat had better croſs the Seas,*
" Than feel the Woes his rigorous Laws ordain
" For bold Contemners of his ſacred Reign.
" The tortur'd Wretches with Deſpair conſume
" In Pride of Years, and wither in their Bloom;
" Their Colours fade, their Appetites decay,
" And their Hearts melt in ſecret Fires away.
" Nor *Tityus'* Vultur, nor *Ixion*'s Wheel
" Can match the Pains diſpairing Lovers feel.
" Long ſince my Counſel urg'd You to reſort
" With early Care to *Cupid*'s royal Court;

" This

" This late Submiſſion he'll receive, I fear,
" With ſullen Aſpect, and with Front ſevere.
" But haſte, with Reverence to his Shrine repair,
" And ſooth th' offended Deity with Pray'r,
" Perhaps Submiſſion may his Wrath appeaſe,
" Why would you then ſo long the King diſpleaſe?
" I own, with Sorrow (weeping I reply'd)
" My long Neglect, and former ſtubborn Pride,
" But broke with Sufferings wait, with humble Mind,
" The Puniſhment to Crimes like theſe aſſign'd.

Thus having ſpoke, we both prepar'd to go
Where *Love* gave Audience to his Slaves below.
The Hall was hung with golden Arras round,
And ſilken Carpets hid the marble Ground.
On equal Thrones, beneath a Cloth of State,
The *God* of *Love*, and *Beauty*'s *Queen* were ſate.
Rich Crowns they wore with glittering Gems inchas'd,
In Purple each, and each with Sceptres grac'd.
Beſide the Thrones were *Danger*, and *Diſdain*,
Of *Venus* this, and that of *Cupid*'s Train;
Both us'd by *Love*, in all Affairs of Weight,
To give their Counſel, and direct the State.

But oh! what Pow'r can raiſe my Verſe to tell
In *Beauty*'s *Queen* what full Perfections dwell!

The

The glorious View ſo pleas'd my raviſh'd Sight,
It ſure ſurpaſs'd th' *Elyſian* Fields Delight;
Th' extatic Bliſs had ſo intranc'd my Senſe,
Nor Thirſt, nor Hunger could have forc'd me thence.
Of Stature tall, nor yet in Height ſhe ſtrove
With haughty *Pallas*, or the Wife of *Jove*.
Smiles dreſs'd her Mouth, and on her lovely Face
Sate Grandeur mixt with ſoft attractive Grace,
Quick were her Eyes, and ev'ry Glance they threw
Like pointed Arrows ſharp and piercing flew.
Her yellow Hair like Gold was ſeen to ſhine,
And curl'd like wanton Tendrils of the Vine;
Beneath her Waiſt, all looſe, and unconfin'd,
The Treſſes flow'd a Yard in Length behind.
" Hail, beauteous Goddeſs, bright Cæleſtial Fair!
" What Heav'nly Artiſt form'd a Piece ſo rare!
" With Skill divine the temper'd Colours ſpread
" That ſtreak thy lovely Cheeks with white, and red!
" Where dwells the God? how far in Heav'n above,
" Whoſe labour'd Thought produc'd a Queen of *Love*?
" With what Delight his raviſh'd Eyes ſurvey'd
" The finiſh'd Piece, his proper Skill had made?
" Well art thou ſtil'd of *Beauty* Sovereign Queen,
" In whom at once is all Perfection ſeen!

"O Goddeſs, condeſcend to hear my Pray'r,
"And prove propitious, as I ſee thee fair!
Thus, whiſpering ſoftly, to my ſelf I ſaid,
Far from the Throne, of conſcious Ears afraid,
Fool as I was, nor able to declare
The bright Perfections of th' Immortal Fair.
Beneath the Throne a mixt Aſſembly pray'd
Of humble Slaves in different Garbs array'd.
Some ſpoke their Griefs, and ſome Petitions brought
With moving Suit, and warm Expreſſions fraught;
To *Philomel* I turn'd, and ask'd the Dame,
"From whence ſuch Throngs of earneſt Suitors came?
"What meant the Garbs the different Parties wore?
"And what the Scrolls which in their Hands they bore?
"From various Regions they reſort, ſhe ſaid,
"For mighty *Love* is ev'ry where obey'd:
"All States, and Callings bow before his Shrine,
"Phyſitians, Lawyers, and the grave Divine,
(Fair Virtue's Guide, yet oft to Love a Slave
He finds it hard to keep the Rules he gave)
"Rich pamper'd Heirs, and Slaves to Hardſhip bred,
"Unletter'd Swains, and States-men deeply read;
"But Crowds of Poets preſs before the reſt,
"For Poets are the Slaves of Love profeſt.

"Their

"Their different Suits, and various Garb declare
"Their Love successful, or their fruitless Care.
"The Men, whose Veils are stain'd with constant Blue,
"Their Faith unfeign'd, and vow'd Affection shew;
"Those dress'd in Black, the Livery of Despair,
"Lament some dead, or fear some living Fair.

But while we thus the various Throng survey'd,
For sudden Silence thrice Command was made.
The Court was hush'd; when to th' attentive Crowd
Great *Cupid's* Herald thus proclaim'd aloud;

"Ye Strangers all appear before the Throne,
"And make forthwith your Cause of coming known.

All pale, and trembling like a dying Man,
In Haste to kneel before the Throne I ran;
The God enrag'd, severely looking down,
Receiv'd my Homage with a threatning Frown;

"From whence, said he, and why so late appears
"This loitering Slave so far advanc'd in Years?

"Forgive my Crime, My Soveregin Lord, I cry'd,
"Nor think my Absence was the Effect of Pride;
"Full many a Time on to your Gates I came,
"But still Was kept from entring in by Shame.

"Well, all is pardon'd if from hence You vow
"To keep my Statutes, and my Pow'r allow;

"And as thou prov'ſt obedient to my Reign,
"So may'ſt thou hope thy Lady's Love to gain.
"By that juſt Faith, and Fealty that I bear
"To mighty *Cupid's* ſacred Laws I ſwear.
"I ſwear again, and plight my ſolemn Troth,
"Tho' certain Death ſhould ſeal the dreadful Oath.
This ſaid, he call'd a Servant of the Court
(Grim was his Look, and awful was his Port)
The ſacred Statutes of the Realm to read,
And give thoſe Oaths by *Cupid's* Laws decreed.
Rigour his Name; of Truſt to *Love* approv'd,
With Pray'rs unſhaken, and with Bribes unmov'd;
Before our Eyes a Statute-Book he laid,
And, prompting, thus with ſolemn Accent ſaid;
"You ſwear, as *Venus*, and her Son ordain,
"To keep the Statutes of their double Reign.
"To either's Pow'r to pay Obedience due,
"In Word, in Thought, and in Your Actions true.
"*Love's* advantageous Service to diſplay,
"And gain new Converts to his gentle Sway.
"One Fair to chuſe, nor other Choice to know,
"For Loſs, for Gain, for Pleaſure or for Woe.
"By her Command your Actions ſtill to ſquare,
"And bear each Turn of Temper in the Fair.

"If jealous Thoughts your anxious Heart assail,
"To weep in secret, and forbear to rail.
"Alone to wander banish'd from her Face,
"And take no Pleasure 'till restor'd to Grace.
"To strive to please her, and contrive to find
"Some quaint Device to reconcile her Mind.
"To urge her still, when with her Presence blest,
"With proffer'd Service, and with Love profest,
"That as her Face excells all other Fair,
"Her gentle Heart would ease her Lover's Care.
"To shun Contention, and beware of Pride,
"Nor on thy self, or proper Worth confide;
"For howsoe'er thy Merits intercede,
"She more deserves than thy Deserts can plead.
"Ne'er to presume her Pleasures to restrain,
"For all this Sex in Freedom love to reign.
"With amorous Verses to assail her Heart,
"To talk genteelly, and to dress with Art;
"Spare here no Cost, but to your utmost strain,
"A well dress'd Lover seldom pleads in vain.
"No Tales, that blast her Honour to believe,
"Could one so good, so fair as she, deceive?
"To fight, and swear, and praise her Conduct still,
"Nor argue much for Reason, or for Skill.

(What

(What next in Order was by *Rigour* read
Struck thro' the trembling Crowd a ſudden Dread;
But as no Youth could with the Law comply,
The hard Decree be paſs'd in Silence by)
" When Age comes on, and Youth excites no more,
" With Joy to think on Pleaſures had before;
" And when thou may'ſt the Game no more aſſay,
" The Statute bids thee pray for them that may.
To keep theſe Laws we all devoutly ſwore;
And as I turn'd ſome Pages further o'er,
Severely *Rigour* caſt a threatning Look,
Snatch'd from my Hands, and ſudden clos'd the Book.
" Hold, Traitor to the Queen, he cry'd, forbear,
" Thoſe are the ſacred Statutes of the Fair;
" Still kept from Men's prophanet Eyes conceal'd;
" Nor ev'n to Me, on Pain of Death, reveal'd.
" The wiſeſt Lover muſt deſpair to find
" What Rules, and Maxims rule the Female Kind;
" How e'er the Sex inclin'd to Change appears,
" Now ſmiling gay, now drown'd in ſullen Tears,
" Now fondly liſt'ning to the Lover's Pain,
" Now dreſs'd in all the Rigors of Diſdain;
" Conclude theſe Laws controul the Fair-Ones Mind,
" And make their Conduct pleaſing or unkind.

" Now

"Now each prepare to ſeek the ſacred Fane,
"Where *Love*'s fair Queen, and mighty *Cupid* reign,
"With lowly Pray'rs the ſacred Pow'rs addreſs,
"And may your Wiſhes meet deſir'd Succeſs!
"All you, whoſe Hearts already are reſign'd,
"Implore their Aid to make your Ladies kind;
"And You, whoſe Choices yet remain to make,
"Reſolve ſome Fair-One to your Arms to take;
"And pray your Vows may ſuch a Miſtreſs gain,
"Whoſe bright Perfections may reward Your Pain.

This ſaid; devoutly ſlow with ſolemn Pace,
The long Proceſſion ſought the ſacred Place.
Corinthian Columns propt the Frame aloft,
The Front was lovely, and the Building ſoft;
The Windows all were fram'd of Cryſtal bright,
And opening wide t' admit the chearful Light;
O'er all the Roof were gilded Roſes ſeen,
With Myrtle-Foliage wrought in Wreaths between.
Hiſtoric Paintings grac'd the ſacred Fane,
Fair Trophies all of *Love*'s victorious Reign.

Here hapleſs *Phœbus* ſcornful *Daphne* woo'd,
In vain the God of Wit, and Beauty ſu'd;
Too late his Pride ſubmits to *Cupid*'s Lore,
And owns the Godhead he deſpis'd before.

There

There vain *Narciſſus* o'er the Waves inclin'd,
Himſelf ſurvey'd, and for the Shadow pin'd.
Here newly ſtab'd appear'd the *Tyrian Dame*,
And ſinking *Carthage* wrapt in ſudden Flame.
With numerous Throngs of Love-ſick Youths and Maids,
Whoſe Souls untimely ſought the nether Shades.
And mixt between were happier Lovers found,
Whoſe Toils were eaſier, and whoſe Paſſions crown'd.
Full in the midſt of all the Quire was ſeen
A golden Image of the *Paphian Queen*.
Expos'd to View within the ſacred Shrine,
On Steps exalted ſtood the Pow'r Divine.
In beauteous Order, and with comely Pride,
Aſpiring Pillars roſe from ev'ry Side;
A glittering Dome th' aſpiring Pillars crown'd,
Adorn'd with ſlender Pinnacles around.
O'er all the Shrine in lively Sculpture ſhone,
What famous Acts had made the Goddeſs known.
Here *Juno*, *Pallas*, and the *Cyprian Dame*
Deſcend from Heav'n to try th' important Claim;
The Youthful Shepherd won by *Venus'* Suit,
To *Love*'s fair *Goddeſs* give's the golden Fruit.
Pygmalion there with raviſh'd Eyes ſurvey'd
His iv'ry Statue turn'd a living Maid.

Here

Here *Diomede*'s Train, an impious Crew,
Transform'd to Birds, on ſounding Pinions flew.
There *Prætus*' Daughters, who with ſaucy Pride
Contemn'd the Goddeſs, and her Powr defy'd,
Grown frantic, toſs'd their fancy'd Horns on high,
And mimic Lowings ſeem'd to fill the Sky.
Before the Shrine promiſcuous Throngs appear'd,
And ſad Complaints, and chearful Thanks were heard.
Some freſh and lively ſeem'd, and dreſs'd as gay
As Youthful Bridegrooms on the nuptial Day;
Some ſunk with Sorrow, or with Sickneſs worn,
Their Looks dejected, and their Habits torn;
Some red as Fire, whoſe outward Hue proclaim'd
What warm Deſires their ſecret Hearts inflam'd.
Theſe on the Ground, before the Goddeſs, laid,
Their loud Complaints with ceaſeleſs Sorrow made;
"With ſtreaming Tears our Eyes inceſſant flow,
"Look down, great Goddeſs, and behold our Woe;
"Auſpicious Planet, lend thy chearful Ray,
"To chaſe the Miſts, that cloud our Souls, away.
"Redreſs our Wrongs, and with the Vengeance due,
"The faithleſs Authors of our Woes purſue,
"Who, falſe to Love, their Paſſion once allay'd,
"Neglect their Oaths, and ſcorn the Vows they made.

The happier Youths, whoſe Lives the Queen had bleſs'd
With Love, and Pleaſure, thus their Thanks expreſs'd;
"Hail Pow'r benign, to whom our Joys We owe,
"The Source of Bliſs, and Concord here below;
"In ev'ry Breaſt thy ſoft Dominion reigns,
"And all that breath confeſs thy pleaſing Chains.
"Inſpir'd by thee, they ſeek their proper Kind,
"And Bird to Bird, and Beaſt to Beaſt is join'd;
"By Inſtinct theſe; but Man with Reaſon bleſs'd,
"Enjoy's his Heav'n of Love above the Reſt;
"By Judgement's Rule, he makes the ſacred Claim,
"A purer Paſſion, and an holier Flame.
"Hail, bliſsful Star, for ever bleſs'd are they,
"Whoſe Hearts are pierc'd with Love's celeſtial Ray!
"Love's Pow'r can teach the ſenſeleſs Ideot Art,
"With ſenſe of Honour fill the Villain's Heart,
"The groſſer Soul inſpire with Thoughts refin'd,
"And tame the Fierceneſs of the ſavage Mind.
"With Rev'rence due, thy Servants praiſe thy Name,
"Who feel thy Powr, and bleſs the ſacred Flame.
Mov'd by the Thanks the grateful Throng repay'd,
For Favours giv'n, and Vows ſucceſsful made,
As equal Warmth inſpir'd the pious Thought,
I try'd my Wit, and thus the Queen beſought;

"O

"O Pow'r, by Nature made so fair to see,
"She ne'er again can frame a Peice like Thee,
"Thou Light, and Comfort of the troubled Mind,
"On whom thy Votary has his Trust reclin'd,
"To your Disposal, Goddess, I resign
"A Heart, with Pleasure vow'd for ever thine.
"Chuse thou the Fair thy Servant must adore,
"Be Truth, and Beauty there, I ask no more.
"No Woman yet my settled Passion claims
"Yet one there is, who most my Soul inflames;
"Ev'n to my-self unknown; for once by Night,
"The pleasing Image charm'd my sleeping Sight;
"She vanish'd soon, but ingrav'd behind
"Her Form, and Features in my ravish'd Mind.
"Tall is her Stature, her Complexion pure,
"Her Eyes are lively, but her Looks demure;
"Red are her Lips, and full, her Head is grac'd
"With auborn Hair, and slender is her Waist.
"In such a Fair, (could such a Fair be found!)
"With Bliss, and Rapture would my Life be crown'd.
"But if your Will, and cruel Fates ordain
"I ne're must see the lovely Shade again,
"Some other find, with whom to spend my Life,
"If not in Rapture, yet secure from Strife;

"For long my Heart to diff'rent Loves reſign'd,
"Has wiſh'd in vain ſome certain Reſt to find.
"This if thou grant, thy Pow'r I'll ever own,
"A Foe profeſt to chaſt *Diana* grown;
"Make thou the Joys, that bleſs thy Vot'ries mine,
"Let Monks, and Fryars ſeek her barren Shrine.
Thus having pray'd, upriſing, I withdrew,
The Pow'r ſaluting with Obeyſance due;
And as I turn'd, a Sepulchre I ſpy'd,
With ſparkling Gems adorn'd on every Side;
"Within that Tomb, ſaid *Philemel*, is laid
"The Corpſe of *Pity*; once a tender Maid.
"Well may fond Lovers mourn the Virgin's Fate,
"Bleſs'd were the Times, when *Pity* rul'd the State.
"Content, and Pleaſure reign'd in ev'ry Mind,
"The Swains were happy; for the Nymphs were kind.
"*Self-love* has now the vacant Throne poſſeſs'd,
"And *Int'reſt* rules in ev'ry female Breaſt.
"Wit, Beauty, Truth in vain their Hearts aſſail,
"Where pow'rful *Int'reſt* can alone prevail.
"But this is Counſel; guard the Secret well;
"Nor idly blab, what I in Friendſhip tell,
"Should *Venus* know, that I the Truth reveal'd,
"Her ſecret Will has ever kept conceal'd,

"Her

"Her Indignation I were ſure to prove,
"Driv'n out with Shame from all the Realms of Love.
"Now, You ſhall ſee the moſt accompliſh'd Maid,
"That e'er the Sun in all his Courſe ſurvey'd;
"Take Heed, your Conduct, and your Tongue, to rule;
"She hates a bluſt'ring, overbearing Fool.
"Nice is her Judgement, and her Taſt refin'd,
"Her Looks are ſober, and ſedate her Mind.
"The lovely Fair is *Roſalinda* nam'd,
"Her icy Breaſt no Lover yet inflam'd:
"Should you, a Novice in the Suitor's Art,
"With proffer'd Service move ſo cold a Heart,
"What Thanks, and Praiſes are to *Venus* due,
"Who kept ſo long th' accompliſh'd Fair for you!
Thus having ſaid, a ſpatious Room We ſought,
With Carpets cover'd, and with Carvings wrought;
Here on a Throne I *Roſalinda* ſpy'd,
In Bloom of Years, and youthful Beauty's Pride.
Her glittering Eyes like Lightning ſeen to ſhine,
Encountring, turn'd their pointed Rays on mine;
Transfix'd at once, I gave a ſudden Start,
And felt the Pain run ſhiv'ring to my Heart.
I ſtrove to ſpeak; in vain; my Tongue was ty'd,
And, on my Lips the faultring Accents dy'd.

At length with Awe before the Fair I kneel'd,
And, ſighing, thus my ſecret Flames reveal'd;
"Thou faireſt Piece by skilful Nature made,
"Vouchſafe to grant a dying Youth ſome Aid!
"Accept my Service, nor a Heart diſdain,
"That ne're deſires to break the pleaſing Chain.
She made no Anſwer; but with equal Air,
And Looks unmov'd, receiv'd my humble Pray'r.
I ſpoke no more, though ſtrong Deſire inclin'd,
So much her Beauty had o'eraw'd my Mind.
Her Head was round, adorn'd with flaxen Hair;
Her Forehead ſhone, like op'ning Lillies fair;
Exactly turn'd, the diſtant Brows ariſe,
Streight was her Noſe, and piercing were her Eyes;
Theſe glitt'ring bright, like twinkling Stars were ſeen,
And that appear'd Love's Milky Way between.
Her lovely Cheeks, in red, and white array'd,
Unfaded Youth's immortal Bloom diſplay'd.
Her Mouth was ſhort, her Lips like Scarlet bright,
Plump, round, and full; and pregnant with Delight.
A thin, lean Pair deludes the Lover's Bliſs,
The Flavour loſt, inſipidly they kiſs;
But powting Lips deſerve eternal Praiſe,
(So wiſe *Maximian* in his Treatiſe ſay's)

Bright

Bright Rows of Pearl her ruby Mouth impal'd,
And Sweets etherial from her Breath exhal'd.
Her Waiſt was ſlender, and her Arms were round,
And perfect Beauty all the Woman crown'd.
All that was ſeen — and ſure it may be gueſs'd,
The hidden Charms would not diſgrace the reſt.
Nor thoſe, tho' cover'd, yet were all conceal'd;
The graceful Garb her lovely Shape reveal'd.
In graſs-green Sattin was the Fair array'd,
A Summer-Suit for Eaſe and Lightneſs made;
Down all the Seams were ſparkling Jewels plac'd,
And a bright Zone confin'd her ſlender Waiſt.
Had amorous *Jove* in Times of Old ſurvey'd
Th' accompliſh'd Graces of the matchleſs Maid,
The Pow'r had ne'er ſuch various Arts employ'd
To gain new Beauties, as his Love was cloy'd;
What need of Change, when he in one might find
The various Charms of all the Sex combin'd?
But now the Wound her radiant Eyes impreſs'd,
Each Moment grew, and widen'd in my Breaſt,
'Till grown unable to conceal my Pain,
I thus addreſs'd the lovely Fair again;
"O Virgin, loveliеſt of the lovely Kind,
"To whom my Soul for ever is reſign'd,

"Appeaſe

"Appeaſe the Tortures of my wounded Heart,
"And give the Med'cine, as you caus'd the Smart.
"'Tis your's fair Nymph, to make me bleſs the Day
"Which firſt reſign'd me to your bliſsful Sway;
"Would thoſe bright Eyes ſome Sign of Pity ſhow,
"And give this infant Paſſion leave to grow,
"Not *Anthony* ſhould boaſt a nobler Flame,
"Who loſt an Empire for th' *Egyptian Dame*,
"Not all the Names, which deathleſs Honours crown
"For Faith unchang'd, ſhould equal my Renown;
"So far their Loves ſhould be excell'd by mine,
"As thy bright Charms the Rival-Fair out ſhine.
"You 've learnt to proffer with a hearty Will,
"My Friend, (ſhe ſaid;) but keep your Service ſtill.
"Forbid it Pride, I ſhould a Lover own,
"His Name, his Country, and his State unknown!
"From *Iſis* Banks, the Muſe's Seats, I came,
"In verſe I write, *Philogenet* my Name;
"*Love*'s Poet there, I ſung in amorous Strains
"The brighteſt Nymphs, that haunt thoſe pleaſing Plains;
"No more their Praiſes ſhall employ my Tongue;
"Themes grateful once, from hence by me unſung!
"To you alone, I dedicate my Lays,
"And ſing for ever *Roſalinda*'s Praiſe!

"Ye

" *Ye ſacred* Nine, *whoſe ſoft, perſuaſive Arts*
" *Can win to Love the moſt obdurate Hearts,*
" *Inſtruct my Verſe to move the brighteſt Fair,*
" *That e'er deſerv'd a youthful Poet's Care.*
" *And* Phœbus *thou my groveling Fancy raiſe,*
" *My Thoughts ennoble, and refine my Phraſe,*
" *My Boſom pierce with thy inlight'ning Ray,*
" *And drive the Miſt of Ignorance away.*
" *Nor thou, fair Maid, a captive Youth diſdain,*
" *Who ſings his Paſſion in no vulgar Strain;*
" *Thou, whoſe bright Eyes ſuch pointed Glances dart,*
" *Like Lightning-ſtreams they melt my raviſh'd Heart.*—
Thus far inſpir'd by Love, I trembling ſaid,
When, mov'd to Anger, ſpoke the bluſhing Maid;
" Ceaſe, ceaſe your Rhymes, nor vainly rack your Brains
" For Flights unnatural, and affected Strains.
" Think not theſe Arts can ever here prevail,
" But ſeek ſome other for the formal Tale.
" Or ſay, my Beauty has inſpir'd the Flame,
" What Pow'r have you to celebrate my Name?
" Of various Slaves that ſerv'd me long, and true,
" None ever dar'd, audacious Youth, like you.
" You ſeem to woo as certain of Succeſs;
" Did ever Nymph receive the firſt Addreſs?

"Go, ſearch your Books, and ſee if you can find
"Like this, an Inſtance, in all Woman-kind?
"You ſay, you dread the Lightning of mine Eye,
"Then ſhun their Beams, and from the Danger fly.
"But if this Raſhneſs you will ſtill purſue,
"Obſerve what Maxims they muſt keep that woo.
"With meek Behaviour, and ſubmiſſive Port,
"Long muſt you ſerve, a Slave in *Cupid*'s Court,
"(With Labour worn, with ſecret Grief decay'd,
"Your Eyes will languiſh, and your Colour fade)
"And when the Courſe of all your Toils is done,
"Ev'n then muſt think the Nymph with Eaſe was won.
"But Youths, whoſe Boldneſs thus inſults the Fair,
"Inſtead of Love, ſhould only meet Deſpair.
"O injur'd Fair One, I Forgiveneſs crave,
"I own my Fault; but ſpare, oh ſpare your Slave!
"Relentleſs *Venus*! well may I complain
"Of Love's hard Statutes, and tyrannic Reign!
"Are theſe the Wages my Obedience claims,
"Thus, thus to periſh in unpitied Flames?
"What Wretch e'er ſuffer'd, ign'rant of his Crime,
"A Change ſo diſmal, in ſo ſhort a Time?
"Few were my morning Joys, and vaniſh'd ſoon,
"And Clouds of Sorrow have o'ercaſt my Noon.

"Ill

"Ill was I got, in woful Hour was nurſt,
"My Birth was hapleſs, and my Life is curſt!
"O lovely Nymph, thy dying Servant ſave,
"Or ſoon my Bed will be the frothy Grave.
As thus I ſpoke, My Voice began to fail,
My Colour ſunk, and turn'd, as Aſhes, pale,
A riſing Miſt my darken'd Senſes drown'd,
I dy'd away, and ſunk upon the Ground.
At this, upſtarting from her Seat, the Maid
In Pity ran, to give my Sorrows Aid,
And as to mine ſhe join'd her roſie Cheek,
My Hand ſoft-touching, thus was heard to ſpeak;
"Ariſe, fond Youth, or mean You here here to reſt?
"What ſudden Fear is this has ſeiz'd your Breaſt?
Her ſoft, tranſporting Touch, and balmy Breath
Reviv'd my Heart, and call'd me back from Death;
I ſoon aroſe; when thus purſu'd the Fair,
(Her Looks were kind, and tender was her Air,)
"Your Paſſion now, I'm ſatisfi'd, is true,
"I read the Lover in your alter'd Hue;
"What e'er I ſaid, obſerve the Laws that bind
"The Slaves of Love, and you ſhall prove me kind;
"Forget your Grief, for I have Joys in Store
"Can well repay the Pains you felt before.

"But

" But ſince your Ign'rance of the Court I find,
" Go firſt, and ſee what yet remains behind,
" The various Objects in the ſacred Fane,
" The foreign Crowd, and *Cupid*'s menial Train.
When iſſuing forth, with *Philomel* to guide,
Attendance, *Fear*, and *Diligence* I ſpy'd;
Dread to offend, and fell *Deſpair*, the Foe
Of hapleſs Lovers, and their utmoſt Woe;
Ah Fool! he cry'd, and obſtinately blind,
" With fond Belief to truſt a Woman's Mind!
" Tho' ſmooth her Words, believe me, Freind, in Heart
" She ſcorns thy Paſſion, and derides thy Smart.
" When to thy Coſt, Experience makes thee wiſe,
" Thou'lt find what Gall beneath this Honey lies.
" Thy-ſelf ſo low, and ſo exalted ſhe,
" Think'ſt thou her Pride will ever ſtoop to thee?
I ſhook with Terror at the Words I heard,
But *Hope* was there, and thus my Spirits chear'd;
" Why is thy Heart, with fancy'd Fears diſmay'd?
" 'Tis falſe, whate'er that doting Fool has ſaid.
" Can ſhe, whoſe Breaſt is Virtue's ſacred Shrine,
" Where artleſs Pity dwells with Truth Divine,
" Can ſhe, her Honour, Fame, and Word forgoe,
" And treat her Lover, as her mortal Foe?

The Words of *Hope* reviv'd my drooping Mind,
So on I paſs'd, and left *Deſpair* behind.

Here *Luſt*, diſputing with *Delight*, was ſeen,
Of Strength prodigious, and attir'd in Green.
Black was his Beard, as Feathers of the Crow,
His Eyes appear'd like Furnaces to glow,
The florid Blood had dy'd his Cheeks with Red,
His Limbs were large, and Shoulders widely ſpread.

Luſt challeng'd Right to *Love*'s celeſtial Flame;
"Nay, quoth *Delight*, but I diſprove the Claim;
"*Luſt* ſinks the Soul beneath the brutal Kind,
"But *Love* enlightens and ſublimes the Mind;
"*Luſt* flies the piercing Eye, and ſeeks to dwell
"In guilty Corners, and the Gloom of Hell;
"*Love* claims a Place among the bleſs'd above,
"Nor e'er is Sin, but when 'tis ſinful Love.

I left them arguing in their eager Mood,
And turning ſaw where ſpiteful *Slander* ſtood;
Int'reſt, or Vice, in ev'ry Act he ſpy'd,
And ſaid that Women wore Attire for Pride;
And ſpread their Nets, and laid their ſubtle Snares,
For rich, young Cullies, and unpractis'd Heirs;
That Men had learn'd to flatter, kneel, and weep,
And ſwear ſuch Oaths they ne'er deſign'd to keep,

"Till

"Till having made ſome fond, young Heart their Prey,
"They baſely threw the riffled Prize away.

There too was *Flattery*, with a forc'd Surprize,
He rear'd his Hands, and turn'd to Heav'n his Eyes;

"Ye Gods, he cry'd, what comely Youth is there!
"Heav'ns! how he walks! with what majeſtic Air!
"What blooming Beauty, what uncommon Grace
"Shines in his Eyes, and plays around his Face!
"How nice his Shape! how finiſh'd ev'ry Part!
"Ah! happy Fair, to whom he gives his Heart!

Diſſimulation, next to *Flattery* ſtood,
In ſpeckled Garb, and particolour'd Hood.
With glozing Lies he ſtrove the Fair to pleaſe,
And wound himſelf into her Heart with Eaſe;
In all the World he lov'd her beſt, he ſaid,
But ſure, I thought, he little lov'd the Maid.

Here in a Corner, and remote from Light,
Shame ſtood retir'd, and almoſt 'ſcap'd my Sight.
O'er all her Face a humid Bluſh was ſpread,
And on her Boſom lean'd her baſhful Head.

Such, and ſo lovely was the Maid to ſee,
As full-blown Roſes, e'er they leave the Tree,
Whoſe ſpreading Leaves, o'ercharg'd with Dews around,
Oppreſs and bend the feeble Stalk to Ground.

Oppos'd to *Shame* was ſeen her deadly Foe,
(He ſeem'd as black as helliſh Fiends below,)
Boaſter his Name, from *Lyar* firſt he ſprung,
Of Talk licentious, and ungovern'd Tongue;
Leud Tales ſurpaſſing all Belief he told,
Whate'er he knew, and more ten thouſand fold:
"Of noble Lineage was the firſt I woo'd,
"Stately, and proud; yet I her Pride ſubdu'd;
"With wondrous Eaſe, methought, I won the Dame;
"I can't tell how; but at a Word ſhe came;
"And ſo have hundreds more as well as ſhe,
"In *England*, *Holland*, *France*, and *Italy*.
"With good Rewards they paid my Service ſtill,
"And Purſe, and Perſon were my own at Will.
"Seeſt Thou yon Maid attir'd, ſo trim, ſo gay?
"Full many a Time within theſe Arms ſhe lay;
"She well remembers when, and where we ſlept,
"For well I pleas'd her, and the Statute kept.
"But now, my Freind, ſaid *Philomel*, beware,
"See, pining *Envy* lurks in ſecret there!
Fretting ſhe ſate, and view'd with Leer malign,
The happy Lovers at the ſacred Shrine.
Her Face was lean, and waſted ev'ry Part,
And ſecret Venom ſwell'd her ſpiteful Heart.

There

There *Secret-Thought*, in Contemplation drown'd,
Regardleſs ſeem'd of all that paſt around,
And ſlowly pacing, meaſur'd out his Ground.
Yet ſtopping often to himſelf he ſmil'd,
As new Conceits his Fancy ſtill beguil'd.
His Robe was twin'd in many a ſubtle Fold,
Of wondrous Hue, nor eaſy to be told;
Each Moment changing to th' aſtoniſh'd Eye,
Chamelion-like, it took a different Die;
No certain Colour could you call the Stain,
Yet ev'ry Colour ſeem'd by Turns to reign.
The various Objects in the Fane ſurvey'd,
I now return'd to view the lovely Maid;
Here found I *Pity* plac'd beſide the Fair,
New-ris'n from Death, to eaſe a Lover's Care.
The Maid had pleaded with ſuch moving Art,
Love now had enter'd *Roſalinda's* Heart;
In roſy Smiles her lovely Face was dreſt,
Her Eyes ſuch ſoft, ſuch moving Things expreſs'd
That my fond Heart ev'n melted in my Breaſt.
Such was my Joy, my Soul with Tranſport fir'd,
Was loſt in Raptures more than Sleep requir'd,
O'erpowr'd with Bliſs, I woke to hated Light,
And all the Viſion vaniſh'd from my Sight.

FINIS.